

The Pale Horsemen: A Southern Love Story by Thomas Paine

"...And I looked, and behold, a Pale Horse. And his name of him that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. --Revelation 6:8

In the 1960's, many niggers were moved from the North to our beautiful South, just so they could rub in their "civil rights" amongst honest, God fearing white folk. With Yankee welfare, the NAACP and the FBI on their side, they proceeded to ruin our public schools, our public parks, and even our public restrooms.

These coons, like black cockroaches or locusts, ran about as amoral, uncivilized barbarians, destroying the peaceful life of many a southern town.

Our tax dollars were used to subsidize these niggers, by giving them welfare and building "projects" for them to live in, which the niggers soon destroyed. Then these ungrateful animals blamed the white folk, and even accused them of giving them substandard housing.

Soon however, the white folk, fed up with niggers, left the towns for the country, leaving the niggers in their self-made squalor. With their tax base shrinking, as none of the niggers worked, their elected nigger mayors again blamed the white folk for leaving. It was the white folk's fault, they said, because the whites should have worked as slaves to keep the fat-assed, lazy niggers housed, fed, and on the dole.

What the niggers didn't understand was that the white folks **had** to leave! Everywhere these animals moved, houses were robbed, women were raped and white people were killed.

The liberals in Yankeeland said that it wasn't as bad as whites claimed, and that the niggers were upset because the weren't accepted, that no one liked them, that whites were "racists," so that gave them license to behave like savages.

What the Yankees, Liberals, and niggers also didn't understand was that the whites were only doing what their Constitution said they that could do – exercising their rights of freedom of choice, freedom of association, and freedom of travel.

The Yankees, niggers, and other garbage were infuriated by these maneuvers, and to destroy the South further, proceeded to move niggers into the white suburbs by using Federal grants to promote "equality" and "integration."

Those stupid Yankees just don't understand – normal white folks just don't like niggers. Period! It is our right not to have to look at those gorillas. We have the right to discriminate, from buying Coke instead of Pepsi, to preferring our own kind instead of niggers.

Those evil Yankees just figured that they could put their niggers anywhere they wanted, and the white folks wouldn't do anything.

They were wrong.

They hadn't counted on the existence of such men as Robert Lee Parker, and his Pale Horsemen of the Confederacy. These brave men had banded together in a blood brotherhood of secrecy so that they could recapture the South that they loved. Soon, our heroes, The Pale Horsemen, would recapture their town, Sweet Springs, and make it free of niggers!

That brings us to the two men that were the architects of this daring plan, which had been years in the making. They met, as they had many times before, one fine Monday evening at a remote, secure location on the outskirts of town. Over a six pack they talked of the sad events that

were occurring in Sweet Springs, and the deterioration of their way of life in this once-peaceful town. Then they proceeded to discuss the finalization of their plan, the destruction of the niggers.

"You know Bob, it ain't gonna be easy getting rid of those coons, they breed like flies and the pigs protect 'em as if they're made of gold," remarked Jesse Claibourne, a friend of Bob Parker for over 40 years.

"That's the truth," replied Bob, "But if we all strike at once, and kill all the niggers in this town in a single night, we'll set an example for other good old boys to follow. There's only three pigs on duty at night in this sleepy little town, and if we can't get Horsemen on duty we'll kill them too. It may sound bad, killin' our own kind and all, but if they're traitors so be it!"

"Right," observed Jess with a laugh, "They'll be easy, we've got machine guns and they don't! Is the meeting of the Horsemen still set for Saturday night?"

"Yeah," answered Bob, "Over a hundred of our compatriots will be there, remember to be at Turner's farm at midnight."

"You got it partner," replied Jesse, "I'll see ya Saturday night."

With that the two friends parted.

Saturday night came, clear and cold, on a day in January at Turner's farm. William Turner and his four sons were there, as were Bob, Jess and over eighty others. The location for the meeting was a remote barn on William's 7500-acre spread, the largest in the county. All was well, and each man in the barn knew one another well and trusted each other implicitly. All knew four dead Yankee Feds were buried deep under the barn's dirt floor, traitorous white infiltrators who had attempted to stop the Pale Horsemen.

Bob and his friend Jess had seen to it that these four Feds were dispatched without difficulty.

Jess, a Nam vet and sharpshooter with nerves of steel, personally had dealt with three of them, letting them think he was just a dumb country bumpkin with a friendly attitude. The Horsemen had funneled these hapless Feds to Jess, who pretended to befriend them, and then shot each of them right between the eyes at a favorable moment. One was dealt with over a steak dinner, where Jess shot the traitor at his dining room table, the corpse landing face down in his meal.

Jesse's wife Sarah curiously was visiting her sister when this event became necessary, and Jess had a quiet meal with a dead Yankee. The only thing Jess had a problem with, as he related to Bob later, with a laugh as usual, was that the Yankee's blood had ruined a good steak dinner and his wife's best tablecloth.

Bob asked him why he didn't shoot the Yankee elsewhere to avoid such a problem, and Jess replied that he hadn't wanted to send the man to Hell on an empty stomach.

Bob dealt with his traitor in a more conventional fashion; Jess liked to play games, while Bob was more of a pragmatist. He simply ran down the Yankee with his Dodge pickup truck, threw the corpse in the bed and dumped it at Turner's farm, where it was buried without incident.

Bob and Jess were the top men in their brave band, and knew they were the first lines of defense for their men and their families. That was the reason they had to shoulder the responsibility for the dispatching of the Feds, if there were a problem; others, with more to lose, wouldn't be needlessly sacrificed. The two leaders commanded the greatest respect from their fellow Horsemen, risking life and limb for them and for their beliefs, and were always ready to move into action.

At Bill Turner's barn, Bob and Jess were greeted by their fellow Horsemen as they made their way to a crude platform serving as a stage for speaking to the group. Some at the meeting were high-level government officials, both federal and state, who had access to data allowing them

to intercept traitors, which were then removed by Bob or Jess. So far they had not been infiltrated successfully, death being the penalty for the attempt.

By oil lantern, the meeting of the brethren came to order.

"As y'all know it's time for our move," began Bob Parker, "Tomorrow night. Each of you have been given a full-auto UZI with a silencer and the addresses for the exterminations. The police problem has been taken care of for tomorrow night, our Police Chief and brother, Clarence Jamison, has assured me loyal Horsemen will be on duty."

"Of course," spoke up Clarence, sitting at Bob's right, "We've got to get rid of those niggers now!"

A barnful of laughter erupted from the crowd.

"Thanks Clarence," said Bob, "It's men like you who will save the South."

"Yessuh," replied Clarence wryly, "We'll be rid of those jigs tomorrow."

Bob turned to the crowd and announced, "We have a very high level government official here tonight, in fact, the highest of all in our group."

The crowd of course knew who it was.

"Governor, would you care to address the Horsemen?" asked Bob.

"Certainly Bob," came the reply, and Frank Mansfield, Governor of the State, stepped up to the crude lectern.

"Times are desperate my friends," Frank began, "And call for desperate measures. Not only do we have to kill the niggers, but later we'll have to deal as well with the spicks, gooks and jews. The dumb, worthless niggers will be our practice, and hopefully, other good old boys in this great state of ours will take up the gauntlet. We, the Pale Horsemen of the Confederacy, have pledged our lives to this sacred task, for the memory of our ancestors who fought The War Between the States, and for our flag, The Stars and Bars. With determination, sacrifice, and the help of Providence, we'll take back our Confederacy and make our great land safe and free of niggers, spicks, gooks, jews and other heathens! Good luck my fellow Horsemen – may the Confederacy live again, and forever! White Power!"

The crowd broke into thunderous applause, and amongst rebel yells shouted, "Long live the Confederacy! and White Power!"

Frank stepped down from the lectern as Jesse Claibourne arrived to make sure that the men were familiar with the operation of silenced UZI automatic submachine pistols. Over the past few months each man had been shown how to properly load and fire the weapons, but Jess was the kind of man who left nothing to chance. As a leader, he was making certain all the Pale Horsemen would make a disciplined and effective force against the niggers. Each man came forward, as Jess had them demonstrate their skills in attaching suppressors to the barrels, loading magazines in the receivers, cocking the weapons, and finally, firing a silenced burst into a thick target of logs at the side of the stage.

As Bob and Frank looked on, they saw Jess was very impressed with the progress his fellow Horsemen had made, as each man effortlessly passed his inspection.

Bob remarked to the Governor, "You know Frank, you're takin' a hell of a chance, comin' out here and addressing these boys. If those Yankee bastards knew you were here you'd be ruined."

"Look who's talking," retorted Frank, "You could be ruined too, and you still come to these meetings."

"I can take care of myself," said Bob, "And I have a lot less exposure than you do."

"That's true," replied Frank, "But I can take care of myself as well – besides, it's worth it; these here boys are taking more of a chance than I am. This is the least I could do for them; they're

risking their lives and they've got to know they're being protected. Some of those niggers also pack firepower and might kill more than one of our boys, and those boys have children and wives. I may be the Governor, but I'm also a Pale Horseman, first and foremost. You and your men are covered as far as the pigs and the Feds are concerned. That is the best I can do, now it's up to you and the Horsemen. I hope you kill those damn niggers, all of 'em!"

"I want to thank you for coming Frank," said Bob, "You've done a great job boosting the morale of these boys, you've got to get your ass back to the capitol, pronto!"

"Yeah," Governor Frank Mansfield replied with a sigh, offering his hand to Robert Lee Parker.

Bob gave Frank a warm handshake, Frank adding, "Good luck Robert Lee Parker, to you, to Jess, and to your brave Horsemen."

With those words Frank left for the capitol. After Jesse finished his inspection, certain all had passed, Bob again addressed the crowd.

"Tomorrow night at 1:00 a.m. all of us will assemble north of town. Have your UZIs locked and loaded and memorize the addresses you've been given. We'll start with "Nigger Village" on Central Street and proceed from there."

"Nigger Village," Bob's name for the projects, was the most dangerous part of their mission. Over one hundred families of nigger crackheads, thieves and murderers infested these two buildings, and all of the residents hated white people. Like crocodiles, they would attack without provocation.

"Some of us boys might get killed attacking those niggers," Bob continued, "They've been known to pack guns."

"Not machine guns," spoke up Jesse, "We'll be able to pop all those coons."

"True," replied Bob, "But we may have casualties and must be prepared. If anyone in our group gets shot and goes down, first kill all the niggers in the area, then pick two men to run him back here. Doc Simmons and his team will be here to patch 'em up."

"Be sure to carry extra ammo for your UZIs, as they move a lot of lead," added Jess, seated beside Clarence, "Y'all are gonna have a lot of spooks to shoot. It's gonna be a long night for a coon hunt boys!"

The crowd laughed, as Jesse Claibourne was always able to evoke humor from even the darkest of situations.

"I wish y'all lots of luck," said Bob to the crowd, "Jess and I will see y'all at the frontage road tomorrow night."

The meeting quickly disbanded and soon, with the exception of Bob and Jess, the Pale Horsemen melted into the night.

In the deserted barn, Bob looked to Jess and said, "We've got a big job tomorrow." He had a pained look on his face.

"Yep," replied Jess, "It's gonna be a bitch. The jigs'll prove easy to take down with the firepower we have, but were gonna lose some boys, that's a fact. It's always been that way; on a search and destroy mission the enemy bloodies you no matter what ya do or how prepared ya are. It's inevitable. So, the name of the game is to kill more of them then they get of you."

"How did it come to this?" asked Bob.

"Don't rightly know," replied Jess, "I just know one day there wasn't any niggers here, and then there was, killin', stealin', rapin' and so forth. I went to Nam to fight the gooks and then rotated back here to this shit!"

"I was in Nam too Jess, you know that. Tet was a bitch, more for me than for you," answered Bob. "We fought for worthless gooks and while we were gone those nigger lovin' Yankees took our country away from us."

"That's the best way to put it," observed Jess, "But now we'll take it back. I don't like killin' any more than you do, but sometimes it's necessary. We've dropped gooks, niggers and even whites before, and now we've got to kill a whole town full of niggers. I can do it!"

"I've got no problem with killin' niggers either," remarked Bob, "I'm just worried about our boys."

"Me too," replied Jess, "But somebody's gonna die, we have to face it. Let's hope it ain't you or me!"

Jess broke into a grin.

"What are you grinning about?" asked Bob.

"Well," answered Jess, "I was wonderin' why you gave me an UZI, you know I always preferred AK-47s, even in Nam."

"Christ Jess, use your AK if you have to," exclaimed Bob, "But keep the UZI for a sidearm!"

Jess paused and took a drag off a Marlboro. "Okay, but UZIs are made by Jews, and you know what I think of Jews!"

Bob looked at Jess, shook his head and smiled.

"You could have got MAC-10s, Bobby old boy," Jess added, "They're made in Tennessee you know."

The friends broke into laughter.

Sunday night came, and with it 88 dedicated, armed, Pale Horsemen.

Overhead was a thin crescent moon, and on this night it was very cold for this part of the South, several degrees below freezing. The time was 1:00 AM and our heroes had assembled at the frontage road, north of town.

Tonight, the niggers would pay, with their lives.

Bob Parker looked to the projects in the distance, and said, "Okay boys, first, Jess'll drop the two security guards, and then we'll enter those crack houses full of monkeys. There's two buildings, five floors in each, and two exits in each. Once inside, I want the first five Horsemen entering to assume a position at each exit, so you can drill any niggers that try to escape. The remaining 68 of us will proceed past you to each apartment and shoot every boot we can find."

Every man knew his job, and had been divided into four squads of 22 men each, two squads for each building, covering each entrance. Each had his silenced UZI, extra 9mm ammo, and eight extra loaded magazines in mag pouches at his sides. A few had brought along extra back-up firepower, silenced handguns and short rifles, otherwise known as carbines.

One man, a six-foot, four-inch good old boy named Hiram Garrett, was packing an unrestored original, fully operational, .45 caliber Tommy gun. It had been owned by his grandfather, a cracker ridgerunner during Prohibition, who had mowed down many a Yankee revenueur with his repeater hogleg.

This weapon was the automatic submachine carbine from the Roaring Twenties, a gun worth thousands of dollars. On this fateful night the old Tommy was equipped with a 100 round spring-loaded drum magazine, filled with subsonic ammunition. Hiram, like Jesse was a man prepared for the worst, and was carrying two extra, loaded 100 round drums in a sling hanging over his shoulder. On the ancient carbine's muzzle was a 75 year-old original Thompson silencer.

Jesse Claibourne, second in command of the Pale Horsemen, was armed to the teeth, with his UZI, two silenced Smith and Wesson 9mm handguns in shoulder holsters under his vest, and a silenced, full-auto bullpup AK-47 slung across his back. Along with his 9mm mag pouches for his UZI, he was carrying eight extra 40 round mags of 7.62x39 FMJ in pouches for his bullpup AKM. A pair of eight-inch buck knives contained in leather sheathes were attached to his waistband, just in case he ran out of ammo, as he once had in Vietnam. He also had a sniper rifle to deal with distant targets, such as security guards or niggers that tried to escape.

"Hell Jess, you look like the Terminator," observed Bob.

"I like to have an edge," replied Jess. "Some of those niggers are pretty big and an AKM has better knockdown power than an UZI."

"I hope you're using subsonic ammo in that monster," remarked an incredulous Bob.

"Right," answered Jess with a smile, "Don't worry, I'm using only 18 grains of double base powder in these 155 grain FMJ rounds, we don't want anyone hearing us doing our work!"

Bob smiled, turning to his men, and said, "After we kill all these niggers, we have 48 more targets to hit before 5:00 AM. Most are on Martin Luther King Boulevard in houses, so they should be a hellava lot easier than this. Again, be careful my Horsemen, I'd like to see y'all make it back alive."

With that, our Horsemen turned their sights on the projects. As they moved toward the buildings, Jess, using binoculars, could see the security guards sitting at the main entrances. One was drunk and passed out, while the other was reading a Muslim newspaper, a crack pipe in his mouth.

"Jess," whispered Bob, "You're my sharpshooter, deal with them."

"Sure," replied Jess in a whisper.

Jess opened his gun case and pulled out his accurized, custom, 28-inch barrel, RPK-AKM Kalashnikov sniper rifle. He set up the bipod and screwed on a Krinkov flash suppressor-silencer. The RPK's 10 round magazine had been loaded with custom subsonic sabot rounds, perfect for the job of silently killing at a distance. He removed the lens caps to his Bushnell starlight scope, turned it on and lay prone on the ground.

"I'm ready," whispered Jess as he got a bead on one nigger. "Say when."

"When," retorted Bob instantly.

Jess carefully took aim at the nigger with the crack pipe.

He squeezed the trigger, heard a muffled "thuk," and hit the nigger right between the eyes, killing him instantly. He trained the Kalashnikov's barrel on the unconscious nigger, took aim and killed him as well, again with a shot to the head.

Jess looked up from his custom AKM, switched off the scope, and remarked, "That puts them out of commission partner, now the real fun starts!"

"Let's move," ordered Bob, and the Pale Horsemen moved toward the projects.

Inside the projects, most of the niggers were drunk, high on crack, or sleeping, which would make them relatively easy to take down. The Horsemen had split into two groups, which then again split into two assault teams, Bob leading one group, Jess the other.

"Let's try to be done in an hour Jess," said Bob to his fellow commander.

"Right," answered Jess, and the assault teams entering the projects. Bob's men, 44 in all, entered building "A."

"Five men at each exit now," ordered Bob.

Ten Horsemen covered both exits, as Bob and the remaining 34 set about their exterminations.

Our heroes quickly moved through the projects. The sounds of silenced machine gun fire carried on endlessly it seemed, until Bob and two others entered apartment 506. Bob entered first and dropped three jigs and a mammy with his UZI, spent brass clattering on the floor.

Bob turned and saw a spook with a Beretta 9mm in his hand trained on him.

"Drop it jig," ordered Sam Newton, one of Bob's men.

"No way, I'll kill dis whitey, I's gonna call da pigs," the unnamed nigger said.

"Really," remarked Bob coolly, "That should prove interesting, let him make his call."

The nigger moved to his phone, his Beretta trained on Bob. He dialed 911 and heard, "Sweet Springs Police Department" crackle over the receiver.

"Yeah man," the nigger said, "I gots some Honkys over here, and dey gots some cap fo' me. Dey done killed my bros and bitch, by bustin' holes in dere ass wiph dere mafuckin' jew heaters but I gots one of dem white mafuckas covered wiph my piece so dey can'ts kill my black ass. I needs you pigs to come over and gets dese whiteys."

"Oh yeah," crackled the receiver, "That's the fourteenth call we've got tonight, are you at the projects?"

"Yeah man," replied the nigger.

"Well, we ain't comin over there today boy," said duly sworn peace officer and Horseman, Luke Benson.

"Why muthafucka?" asked the nigger.

"Cause we're getting rid of you niggers once and for all!"

The sounds of laughter, followed by a click and a dial tone, filled the jig's ear, after Luke, a policeman, hung up on him. The nigger had a confused look on his face and hung up the phone.

"Who were you talkin' to coon, Luke, Jimmy or Wayne?" asked Bob. "Looks like the pigs ain't comin today are they boy?"

"You white devil!" yelled the nigger, pulling the trigger, the weapon aimed point blank at Bob's chest. Instead of firing, all the ape heard from the gun was "click."

"Drop 'em," ordered Bob, and Sam riddled the nigger with bullets.

"Close call," remarked Sam.

"Unbelievable," replied a surprised Bob as the nigger fell against a wall and dropped, his gun clattering to the floor, "I guess I'm one lucky son of a bitch!"

"Four more apartments to go," said Sam, returning to the mission, as Bob and his Horsemen moved to the next door.

At building "B," events proceeded in much the same manner, except that on the first floor, as Jess and his men were drilling nigger crackheads, his UZI machine pistol jammed.

"Worthless kike piece of shit!" yelled Jess, throwing the UZI to the floor, and switching to his bullpup AKM.

He swung it over his right shoulder, leveled and pulled the trigger, shooting two jigs through the head with one bullet.

"God damn!" exclaimed eighteen year old John Turner, Bill Turner's youngest son, watching the jigs hit the floor, "That's one hell of a gun!"

"Yeah," replied Jess, "Commies make superb weapons, a lot better than the kikes!"

Jess moved the selector to full-auto and proceeded to shoot the fourteen niggers remaining in the room in less than five seconds, as John Turner and his friend Dave Mitchell watched the Vietnam Veteran in awe.

The niggers on the first floor exterminated, Jess turned to Dave and yelled, "Pick up that fuckin' UZI, we don't need the pigs finding it!"

Dave retrieved it and followed Jess, John and the other Horsemen to the second floor, where they continued their exterminations. No one knew at this time that some of these brave men would fail to return.

Back at building "A," Bob and Sam were finishing up apartment 510, filled with two ferocious bucks and two wenches. One buck, high on crack, ran directly toward Bob with an axe in his hands, when Bob cut loose with his UZI, sparks flying from the picture tube of a running television set in the background. Bob sidestepped the bullet riddled buck that continued to run right through a sliding glass door and off the balcony, only to land dead in a dumpster five stories below, his axe bouncing off the pavement as the Horsemen watched in disbelief.

Sam shot the other dangerous buck. This one had come after the first buck, running from the kitchen carrying a cleaver, and it fell harmlessly to the tiled floor with a thud, the cleaver skittering across the floor. Bob dropped the screaming nigger wenches, standing next to a filthy Whirlpool refrigerator, and all was quiet in the apartment.

"Good Lord, that nigger must have thought he was Superman," remarked Sam with a laugh.

"Superape maybe," snorted Bob, "But he couldn't fly could he?"

"Nope," replied Sam, "It's too bad we couldn't have all of these spooks land in a dumpster; all we'd have to do is call the garbage men to haul them to the dump!"

"Can't have everything," laughed Bob, "Let's get the hell out of here!"

The Horsemen in both buildings exhibited amazing efficiency in their exterminating, finishing within minutes of each other. The time had come to leave, and the Horsemen started to exit the apartment complex.

Bodies of dead niggers seemed to be everywhere as Bob and his men proceeded to the first floor using the staircase. Sporadic machine gun fire was still occurring on the first floor, as several niggers, attempting to escape, were scrambling toward the exits from the elevators and staircases. The Horsemen guarding the exits with UZIs quickly picked off these jigs.

As Bob and his men came to the exit, a pile of dead niggers was near the door.

"These are the fish that didn't get away, Kingfish that is," said Bobby Joe Clemens, holding a smoking UZI, and all the Horsemen present had a hearty laugh.

"All the spooks in this building are dead," remarked Bob, "Let's hightail it outta here!"

The two groups had to rendezvous north of town, to check and reload their weapons, prepare for the next phase and account for casualties.

They assembled at the frontage road where their pickups were parked. Sam Newton's brother Daniel was there, idling his 454 powered Southwind motor home. This vehicle was doubling as an ammo wagon and he was passing out fresh, loaded, 32 round magazines to the Horsemen in exchange for empty ones.

Jesse's RPK sniper rifle was onboard, having been retrieved from the vantage point by Daniel.

Bob was picking up fresh UZI mags from Dan, remarking to Sam, "Where's Jess?"

"He didn't make it," said a tearful John Turner, in line behind Sam.

"Oh my God!" exclaimed Bob, "What the hell happened?"

"We were on the fourth floor and Jess dropped a wench and four pickaninnys, then a buck came out of a closet with a sawed-off and caught him in the chest."

Six foot, four inch John Turner broke down and cried.

"You're hit son," said an understanding Bob Parker, looking to the boy's wounded left shoulder, "You'd best get back to Doc Simmons."

"I'm okay," sobbed John, "I got the nigger that killed Jess. I want to get more of 'em."

"We'll avenge him, but we've got to get to MLK Boulevard, can you make it?" asked Bob.
"Yessuh," replied John, "I'm still with ya."

Dave Mitchell walked up to Bob, carrying a duffel bag.

"Bob," he said, "I think you might want this," handing it to him.

Bob looked in the bag and saw Jess's Bullpup AKM, with extra magazines in their pouches. Two were still loaded, as was the mag in the gun. His empty handguns and buck knives were also in the bag.

"Thanks, I appreciate this," replied Bob.

"Use it, they're more powerful than UZIs," admonished Dave.

"I know that. Jess and I used them in Vietnam to kill gooks."

Bob lifted out the AKM and saw the nicks in the plastic furniture surrounding the barrel.

Buckshot!

Fuckin' niggers, Bob thought.

Robert Lee Parker didn't have the time to lament his friend Jesse Claibourne; he had niggers to kill. But it hurt. Bad! He had grown up with Jess and served in Vietnam with him; he loved his friend like a brother. Never again would he hear his good-natured friend crack a joke, get drunk with him, or talk about life. Jesse Claibourne was dead and gone.

In an instant!

All because of those Yankees and their damn niggers. If the Yankees hadn't moved those coons to Sweet Springs, he, Jesse, and the Horsemen wouldn't have had to kill them.

No time to think now, thought Bob.

Bob put on Jesse's mag belt, slipped the AKM over his shoulder and handed the duffel bag to Daniel. He yelled, "Let's get them niggers for Jess!"

In minutes, Ford, Chevy, and Dodge pickup trucks started to move toward Martin Luther King Boulevard, as Dan in the Southwind headed toward Turner's farm with two casualties that Bob had ordered to return to for medical attention. One fallen Horseman had a bad wound in the leg and was limping, the other had been shot through the wrist. Neither injury was life threatening, but both realized their efficiency was impaired and would be more of a burden than a help to the other Horsemen.

Bob called Sweet Springs Police Department from his Motorola cell phone as he headed in his Dodge toward MLK Blvd.

"Luke," he said over the phone, "All clear?"

"All clear," replied duly sworn peace officer, Luke Benson.

"We're headed to MLK Boulevard to finish off."

"Good luck and be careful Bob," said Luke.

"I'll do my best," answered Bob, "But we lost Jess."

"Damn," replied a saddened Luke, "Kill some more jigs for Jess!"

"You got it," said Bob, "I'll be in touch."

Bob hung up as they approached MLK Blvd. He pulled up to the curb and parked.

Bob, Sam and two others exited the pickup and looked at 42 houses, filled with niggers.

"We'll drop these coons pronto," remarked Sam, as they watched their fellow Horsemen pull up to their respective targets.

The next sounds they heard was the mechanical cycling of silenced, closed-bolt sub-machine guns. A few shotgun and handgun blasts were heard as the evil niggers tried to defend themselves. If they hadn't moved to Sweet Springs, these coons wouldn't have had to, uppity,

presumptuous jigs that they were. Sweet Springs was a white town before the niggers came, and now it would be again.

Bob, Sam and two other Horsemen entered 8134 Martin Luther King Boulevard. The door was kicked down and they trained their UZIs on an old mammy and drilled her. A buck popped out of the bathroom in a towel, and Sam dropped him with a short burst.

"Take that you fuckin' monkey!" yelled Sam, and Bob managed a smile.

"Jess would have loved that," remarked Bob.

Another jig popped out of the bedroom, naked.

"Nigger at your back!" yelled Sam.

Bob turned, unshouldering Jesse Claibourne's bullpup AKM. He leveled and cut loose with the AK, shooting the nigger's skull into pieces as a sardonic laugh came from his mouth. Fifteen FMJ slugs hit the coon and the surrounding doorjamb, the nigger hitting the floor with a loud thud that shook the house.

"We've dropped three, there must be more," remarked Sam.

"Right," replied Bob, "Fan out!"

Sam paused to reload and cock his UZI, moving down the hall toward a bedroom door directly across from the bathroom. Bob continued past to the master bedroom, stepping over the naked nigger carcass at the threshold.

Sam kicked the door down, revealing two disgusting, mulatto pickaninnys.

"Don't shoot us Mr. Man," said one of the pickaninnys.

"Fuck you, mulatto freaks!" yelled Sam, unloading the entire 32 round magazine into the miscegenated freaks of nature.

"Look what we have here," announced Bob as Sam entered the master bedroom.

On the bed with a sheet around her, was a very beautiful, blonde haired, blue eyed Anglo-Saxon female.

"You slept with this coon didn't you, you stupid cunt?" asked Bob.

"Rufus is my husband," replied a petrified Kathy Miller, white wife of a dead nigger, and mother of dead pickaninnys.

"Was," snorted Bob, "I reckon y'all can consider yourself single again madam, since I just blew his head off with this here AK."

"Lets see what that nigger was fuckin'," remarked Sam.

"Why not," said Bob as two other Pale Horsemen entered the bedroom.

"Out of the bed you slut!" ordered Bob, and the cringing, beautiful white woman exited the bed, the sheet still wrapped around her nude body.

"Drop the sheet bitch, we need a cheap thrill after this shit," remarked Sam.

The slut complied, her body well-proportioned, supple, and very nude.

"Are you going to rape me?" asked Kathy.

"You must be kidding," retorted Sam, "We don't take sloppy seconds after niggers."

Bob and the other Horsemen laughed, one asking, "Should we kill this white nigger now?"

"Naw," answered Bob, "I've got to ask her something first."

Bob turned to the naked Kathy, the vile semen of a nigger buck running down her nude white leg, and asked, "What the fuck did that goddamn gorilla have that your own kind didn't have?"

He then added, "And don't tell me that boy had a big dick, 'cause he's laying out there in the hall stark naked!"

Sam and the two other Horsemen laughed heartily.

"Well," replied Kathy nervously, "In the beginning I thought it was cool to date a black guy. I never found him attractive, but I got in too deep. Rufus got me pregnant, and the other boys in town wouldn't even talk to me."

"You admit that, you disgusting human pig?" asked one Horseman.

"I can't blame them," interjected Bob coldly, ignoring the unnamed Horseman's remark, "You could have said no. When I was young I would have prayed to a girl like you. You ruined your life and defiled your own body by laying with a nigger!"

"I made a mistake," pleaded Kathy, "I never really loved him."

"That's what they all say," argued Sam, "But you dropped two pickaninnys by him didn't you?"

Kathy began to cry and said, "I didn't mean to."

"Really," retorted Bob, "You think you can talk yourself out of anything don't you?"

Kathy said nothing.

Bob continued, "You said you made a mistake?"

"Yes," replied Kathy, mother of pickaninnys.

"In this life most people pay for their mistakes don't they?" asked Bob.

"I suppose," sobbed the nude wife of a nigger, Kathy.

"Well, you're going to pay for yours you white nigger, drop her!" yelled Bob, and the four Horsemen of the Confederacy riddled the white whore with bullets.

The bullet ridden corpse fell to the floor with a thud.

"Tonight's a lesson in contrasts boys," remarked Bob, "I lost my best friend Jess Claibourne due to one of these coons, and I just killed the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

"Yeah," said Sam regretfully, "That's the truth."

"All clear boys?" asked Bob.

"Yeah," replied Sam, "We'd better move out."

As they walked to Bob's truck, Bob remarked, "I hate to quote Sherman but war is hell!" and the four Horsemen again broke into laughter.

All was silent, except for the sounds of doors closing and starters cranking, followed by the rumble of American V-8s, and again our heroes, The Pale Horsemen of the Confederacy, vanished into the night.

The Horsemen quickly returned back to Turner's farm to celebrate their victory over the niggers, to tend to their wounded and mourn for their unfortunate dead. The last to return were Bob Parker, Sam, and two others. Bob pulled in, then backed up his Dodge Power Wagon Crew Cab pickup truck, parked it, and shut down its 440 Magnum V-8.

As he entered the barn, he was again surrounded by his fellow Horsemen.

"Damn glad to see you made it back Bob," said Clarence Jamison, shaking his hand warmly, "I figured we paid enough losin' Jess."

"How many others did we lose?" asked Bob.

"Eight others," replied Clarence, "Including one of Bill's sons."

"Who?" asked Bob with foreboding.

"Johnny," answered Clarence. "He was clipped by a nigger kid with a Sten machine gun on MLK."

"Fuck!" exclaimed Bob, "Johnny dropped Jesse's killer at the projects and was wounded as well. His shoulder was shot up, so I suggested at the frontage road that he make his way back here in Dan's motorhome to see the Doc, but that stubborn punk insisted on coming with us to MLK."

"Johnny was damn brave kid. His friend Dave says he got a pile of those shitskins on the Boulevard before he got popped, and then Hiram drilled his killer with his Tommy," remarked Clarence. "Bill's taking it well; he says his son died a hero."

"Absolutely! Did we bring back all our boys?" asked Bob.

"All of 'em including Jess," replied Clarence sadly.

"How many wounded?" asked Bob, as he was the leader of this brave band of Pale Horsemen, always concerned with their welfare.

"Eighteen, two severely, but they should live," voiced up Doc Simmons.

Dr. Edward Simmons, MD and his two orderlies had endured a hard night and looked exhausted.

"Were you able to do anything for Jess?" asked Bob.

"No," replied the doctor, shaking his head, "Jess and the others were DOA."

"They died for a just cause," remarked Bob, and shouts of approval echoed throughout the barn.

"Did you stop to notice that you were wounded Bob?" asked the doctor. "Or were you too damned concerned for the men as always?"

"It's nothing," said Bob.

"I'll be the judge of that," replied the doctor.

Bob had been shot twice, through the shoulder and upper arm by a nigger mammy with a .32 wheelgun on the third floor of building "A."

"Not bad," remarked Doc Simmons. "Clean through, only flesh. I'll have you fixed up in a bit," continued the doctor as he bound the wounds of the leader of the Pale Horsemen, Robert Lee Parker.

Finished attending to Bob's wounds, Doc Simmons said, "I've got to get back to the two gut shots I have in recovery, they should make it, but one's very critical and I've got to take care of our boys."

"Take care of 'em; you've wasted enough time on me," replied Bob.

Sam entered and said softly, "We have to bury our dead Bob, you know that."

"Yes," answered Bob, "In the way we discussed."

A door in one side of the gigantic barn opened wide and a diesel engine roared to life. A J.I. Case Construction King backhoe entered and began to dig another deep grave in the dirt floor of the barn.

The grave for the dead heroes would be considered by many to be a common grave, but not for our nine brave Pale Horsemen. These dead heroes had to disappear, men with wives, children, loving families. All the Horsemen knew that they could have been placed in this grave, and their fellows would never have told anyone, not even the heroes' wives or children. To do so would invite the pigs, Feds, and other enemies of the Confederacy.

Nine men, gone. But on the bright side, 1697 niggers dead within four hours.

Bob and his fellow Horsemen would wrestle with the tragic loss of their nine friends and compatriots for the rest of their lives.

The grave dug, Robert Lee Parker paused to say words over his friends.

"Here will lie our dead brothers who gave their lives to cleanse our town of niggers, and we shall never forget their sacrifice! My dear friend, Jesse Claibourne, will never make us laugh again, having been killed along with eight others by verminous niggers! But their sacrifice was not in vain, for our town is now free of those jigs!"

The crowd nodded solemnly in agreement.

"I do wish we didn't have to bury them in the same barn with four fuckin' Yankees!" added Bob.

The crowd again nodded in agreement.

"Jess would've loved that," whispered Sam, and Bob nodded and smiled.

"Now we'll bury these here boys," said Bob, "and send 'em to glory!"

Nine bodies were tenderly carried to the quicklimed mass grave, all draped in the Stars and Bars. Gently, each was lowered into the grave as the crowd softly sung "Dixie" and "Amazing Grace."

Sam Newton then led the crowd in a prayer to Providence, as they prepared to bury their nine departed friends.

"Dear Lord," he began, "Please care for the souls of our dear departed, who were killed by the evil, soulless spawn of Ham, and give us the strength to continue in our just cause to save our race and land. Forgive us for taking such drastic measures, and thank you that so few of our boys were lost. Look after your Horsemen Lord, and bless our Confederacy. Be it as you will Lord, and for your glory, Amen."

The crowd remained in silent prayer for a moment, reflecting on the memories of our departed heroes. More quicklime was placed over the bodies, after which the Case backhoe buried our fallen heroes, forever a part of the Turner spread.

Bob turned to the assembly and said, "Now it's time for those of us who are able to return home. The shit'll hit the fan this morning when they find those dead niggers. If any questions are asked say nothing, except that you don't know anything!"

"See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil," remarked Clarence, and soft laughter came from our heroes.

"Good luck boys, and thank you," said Bob, shaking each man's hand as they left.

Soon the barn was empty, except for Bob, Sam, Doc Simmons, his two orderlies and the two severely wounded men, named Danny Moore and Zeke Barrows.

"We gotta hide these boys here till they're better," remarked Doc Simmons, "Bill said we can keep 'em here, and I'm on vacation for two weeks, which should be enough time for these boys to heal up, at least enough to fend for themselves."

"Thanks Doc," said Bob, adding, "Are either of them conscious?"

"Yes," replied the doctor, "Zeke caught one in the stomach, but it was only a .22 and I fixed the hole in his gut. He's awake, but groggy. Danny's much worse, he had a punctured bladder, and lower intestinal damage. He's gonna be out for days if he lives. The slug went through the intestine, bounced off his pelvis and perforated the bladder. I'm worried about peritonitis but hopefully, he'll be okay. I've got him catheterized and sedated on thiopental sodium."

"What happened?" asked Sam.

"Some jig nailed him with a .44, and apparently it wasn't a hot load or it would have broke his pelvic bone," replied the doctor. "I've got the slugs out of both of 'em, and it's a damn good thing Bobby Joe Clemens was here to donate blood. Danny's AB negative and so's Bobby Joe. He's his cousin you know."

"Do you think he'll make it Doc?" asked Bob.

"I doubt it," replied the doctor, "Conditions are primitive here and he's pretty fucked up. In a hospital he'd have a better chance. Here, if infection doesn't set in, I give him a sixty-percent chance. I've got him on I.V. antibiotics but that's the best I can do."

"Fuckin shame," voiced up Sam, "Danny's a good old boy."

"Can I talk to Zeke?" asked Bob.

"Sure, he's feelin' pretty chipper since I have him loaded with Darvon," replied the kindly old country doctor.

Doc Simmons led Bob and Sam to the improvised recovery room, where Zeke and Danny lay on folding cots. A Ford F-350 Super Duty ambulance was parked at one end of the makeshift hospital, containing all the specifics needed to aid our injured heroes. A Honda AC generator was quietly powering the electric lights and the Hewlett-Packard cardio monitors. Two kerosene powered 100,000 BTU Reddy-Heaters kept our injured heroes snug and warm.

"How y'all doin' Zeke?" asked Bob.

"I'm okay," murmured Zeke Barrows. "Did we get all them niggers?"

"Yeah," replied Bob, "Almost 1700 of 'em."

"Great," said Zeke, "I can't wait till I get better, so we can go after the spicks, gooks and jews, like Frank said."

"They'll wait," remarked Bob, "First, we all gotta heal up, and then we'll shoot those bastards this summer."

Zeke drifted off to sleep, Bob, Sam and the Doc walking out into the open area of the barn.

"Y'all better get home," urged the Doc, "I'm gonna sleep here to keep an eye on our boys. Ya know, we got off damn lucky -- those niggers never knew what hit 'em."

Bob was staring into space, oblivious of what the doctor had said.

"Bob," asked Sam, "you okay?"

"I was thinking about Jess," replied Bob.

Early Monday morning, just after sunrise, Sweet Springs Police Department received another emergency call. A nigger crack dealer from New York City was on the line, calling from the projects.

Luke Benson, Horseman and sworn officer, immediately dispatched Wayne Hayes and Jimmy Speer to investigate the "unbelievable" story he had just heard. The nigger crack dealer told Luke that mass murder had occurred at the projects, and that everyone, including children, were dead.

"Terrible," replied Luke Benson, "We'll be right over."

Luke hung up and turned to Wayne and Jimmy.

"Bob and his boys are home," said Luke, "I want y'all to run over to the projects to see what that nigger wants. Oh – get lots of pictures too."

"I wish I could have been there," said Jimmy.

"Me too," replied Luke, "But we had to cover for 'em. Maybe we'll get a crack at some jews or something."

"That would be cool," exclaimed Wayne. "I've always wanted to kill some kikes!"

Jimmy and Wayne sped to the projects in their 5-liter Ford Crown Victoria at speeds approaching 120 MPH. They pulled into the projects, and were accosted by the nigger crack dealer, wearing gold chains and driving a BMW.

Jimmy rolled down the driver's side window, and asked, "What happened boy?"

"I dunno," replied the nigger, named Tyrone Singletary. "I came here to visit my aunt, and saw all this."

What nigger Tyrone saw was unbelievable – bloody, bullet ridden nigger carcasses, everywhere.

The nigger security guard in front of building "A" had a neat 5mm hole in his forehead, his crack pipe still in his mouth. His muslim newspaper was stained with nigger blood, now dried due

to the time elapsed. It had been very cold during the night, which was unusual for this part of the South, and the nigger was practically frozen solid.

At this time, an hour after sunrise, the temperature was only now rising above the freezing point.

At that moment, a Ford F-350 Super Duty ambulance pulled up, dispatched by Luke to keep up appearances.

Jimmy and Wayne stepped out of the Crown Victoria and greeted Clarence Jamison's son, Clarence junior, driver of the ambulance, and Jesse Claibourne's nephew Billy, a paramedic. Both were also Horsemen, fully aware of the events that had transpired.

"Howdy Jimmy," said the younger Clarence.

Jimmy returned the greeting as Wayne sidetracked Tyrone Singletary, asking him various questions for his report, so Jimmy could converse openly with Clarence.

"Hang around for a bit J.R., and leave the flashing lights on so that nigger will think we're doing our job," Jimmy said to Clarence.

"No problem," replied the younger Clarence.

Jimmy looked to Billy and said, "I want to offer my and Wayne's condolences for your Uncle Jess, and please send our condolences to your Aunt Sarah."

"I'm gonna miss Uncle Jess," replied Billy, "Damn those niggers! Robert Lee called Aunt Sarah and me from his office with the news; he sounded bad."

"It's a goddam shame. Robert Lee's really broken up about it; they knew each other since they were kids," remarked Jimmy.

"Uncle Jess told me they were in Nam together," replied Billy.

"That's right. Jess saved his life in '68 during the Tet offensive."

"He never told me that," said Billy.

"Jess wasn't the kinda guy to brag about stuff like that," replied Jimmy. "I've gotta go and deal with this here nigger and other assholes like the FBI. I'll talk to y'all later."

Billy nodded, and Jimmy walked up to his partner and the crack dealer nigger, Tyrone Singletary.

"The paramedics are here to help anyone alive that we might find inside," Jimmy said to Tyrone, faking concern, adding, "Are you alright, boy?"

Tyrone indicated he was fine.

"Stay here boy," ordered Wayne as they walked into the projects, "The murderers could still be inside."

Jimmy and Wayne pulled their Smith and Wesson model 659 9mm handguns and entered building "A." They announced "Police" at the entrance and proceeded inside. The temperature inside must have been at least 80 degrees, as niggers always keep the thermostat higher than white people, since jigs can't take the cold.

As they looked about, officers Speer and Hayes were stunned at the grisly sight of blood, bullet holes and spent cartridges that littered the floor, not to mention piles of dead niggers, stacked up like cordwood at the entrances.

"It's a damn good thing they loaded all of the shells in the magazines using gloves," remarked Wayne.

"Really," answered Jimmy as he took off his fogging driving glasses.

The stench of nigger blood, puddled and coagulated on the floor, together with rotting coons, permeated the air as Jim and Wayne went about their investigation.

"Christ, I never knew there were so many jigs in this place!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Yeah," replied Wayne, "Bob and Jess did a good job. They must have used 30,000 rounds of 9mm to pop all these Sambos, it's a damn good thing that they had plenty of ammo.

"That's the truth," said Jim, "With all these niggers it's amazing we didn't lose more boys."

As they continued to investigate and take snapshots, Wayne and Jim arrived on the fifth floor of building "A" in the elevator. The doors opened, and the bullet ridden carcass of a nigger buck fell into the elevator. The outer door of the elevator and the surrounding wall was riddled with bullet holes.

"Good Lord," said Jim.

They stepped over the nigger buck, greeted by the same sight they had seen on the other floors – bloody, bullet ridden nigger carcasses, everywhere.

They entered apartment 510, and saw the remains of two wenches and a buck lying on the kitchen floor. The wall of the kitchen and living room were riddled with bullet holes, a mute testimonial to the Pale Horsemen. A Zenith television had three bullet holes through the picture tube, as the buck with the axe had come from that direction when Bob sprayed him.

Wayne noticed the smashed sliding glass door and a blood trail from the Zenith to the balcony. A meat cleaver lay on the floor near the sliding door. The blood soaked curtains blew softly in the breeze as Wayne stepped onto the balcony. The blood trail stopped abruptly at the edge of the balcony, and Wayne noted a bloody footprint, followed by gore on the handrail.

"Hey Jim, come here," shouted Wayne.

"What did you find?" asked Jim, stepping onto the balcony.

"Get a load of this!" Wayne exclaimed, pointing down to the dumpster.

The dead buck had landed upside down in the dumpster, his legs protruding from the top.

"Worst case of suicide I've ever seen," laughed Jimmy.

Wayne focused the Nikon and took a snapshot of the dumpster with the nigger in it. He turned to Jim and said, "We'd best check out building "B."

"Right," replied Jim.

They proceeded to building "B" and entered. Another pile of bloody nigger carcasses were stacked neatly at the door, and bullet holes, along with spent cartridges, were scattered everywhere.

"Looks like instant replay," said Wayne.

"Yeah," replied Jim, "Been there, done that."

They walked to the elevator and open the doors. Inside were five machine gunned bucks, surrounded by spent cartridges.

"These coons made it into the elevator at least," observed Jim, "But they didn't get much further."

"They always say never use an elevator in an emergency," quipped Wayne with a smile.

They stepped over the dead coons and proceeded to each floor in the elevator, gathering their evidence. On the fourth floor, they entered apartment 402 and saw the remains of four dead pickaninny's and a bullet-riddled wench, surrounded by spent 7.62x39 cartridges. A nigger buck, riddled with 9x19, lay face down on the floor beside a Browning sawed-off shotgun.

"This must have been the nigger that killed Jess," remarked Wayne sadly.

"Johnny Turner cut that black bastard down," replied Jim, "He'll never hurt white folk again!"

Wayne looked at the buck's carcass and said, "Fucking nigger," kicking the dead jig in the face, knocking his teeth out.

"There's gold in that coon's teeth!" exclaimed Jim, "Pick 'em up and we'll sell the gold for cash!"

"Good idea," Wayne replied as he pocketed the gold teeth of the depraved murderer of Jesse Claibourne.

They checked out the rest of building "B" rapidly, as it was plain to see that all the niggers were dead and the perpetrators had vanished.

On the fifth floor of building "B," surrounded once more by dead coons, Jim said, "Take a few more pictures just to make it look good, and then we'll get the hell out of this monkey house!"

"Do we have to use the elevator again?" asked an exasperated Wayne.

"Why not, it saves steps," replied Jim.

"Well," retorted Wayne, "it smells like a fucking morgue in there, and I'd rather not take another elevator ride with the "Slaughter House Five!"

Jim laughed, replying, "I'd rather use the stairs too come to think of it. When we get downstairs we'll tell the nigger that we're gonna call the FBI, and we'll let those Yankee assholes handle this."

"What about MLK Boulevard?" asked Wayne.

"I suppose that's our next destination," chuckled Jimmy, "This fuckin' town'll be full of Feds and media today! Try to keep a straight face and we'll get away with this!"

"I hope you can," replied Wayne, and the two sworn officers and Pale Horsemen proceeded via the stairs down to the first floor.

As they walked down the stairs, they came across a dead nigger mammy, so fat that she must have weighed 500 pounds. She took up most of the landing and was surrounded by spent 7.62x39 and 9x19 cartridges. The mammy had been hit with at least 30 slugs, most of them from Jesse's AKM, due to her incredible size.

"That wench was a fat tub of shit!" exclaimed Jim as he stepped over the mammy's carcass, "Be careful not to slip in her blood."

"Yeah," replied Wayne, "We'll probably have to get AIDS tests due to exposure to all this nigger blood. Most niggers have AIDS you know."

"That's the truth," remarked Jim, stepping over the carcass of an old shuffler, "They're nothin' but animals and spread filth and disease wherever they go. At least we're rid of these spooks though."

"Look at the pickaninnys on the lower landing," Wayne said as he pointed to a pair of dead nigger brats, "Must've been the work of Jess."

Each pickaninny had a neat hole in its head, right between the eyes.

"Yeah," replied Jimmy, "Jess was a hell of a sharpshooter, it's a goddam shame we lost him."

"Boy, that's the truth," exclaimed Wayne, "Jesse was a Nam vet, and always prided himself on his precision kills. It'll be damned hard, if not impossible to replace him."

"Well," remarked Jim bitterly, unknowingly fulfilling Jesse's prediction, "He got more of those bastards than they got of him!"

They exited building "B" and walked up to the only living nigger at the projects, Tyrone Singletary.

Jimmy waved the ambulance off.

"We're makin' a report and callin' the FBI," said Wayne to Tyrone. "We'll find these perpetrators. You'll have to come in with us to make a statement."

"Of what?" asked Tyrone.

"That you saw all these dead boys and such," replied Jim.

The nigger crack dealer complied and entered the officer's cruiser. As they drove to the police station, they heard Luke dispatch two more police officers. Their destination was Martin Luther King Boulevard.

Jim called in and relayed that he was bringing back Tyrone Singletary to make a statement. "10-4," acknowledged Luke Benson.

When they arrived, Officer Luke Benson took Tyrone's statement and informed him that the FBI had been contacted and were on their way to Sweet Springs.

"They'll want to talk to you boy," said Luke, "So we're takin' you into protective custody."

With that, Luke locked the nigger up, and had his BMW towed from the projects and impounded, for safekeeping.

Luke returned to the squad room from the lockup and said to Wayne and Jimmy, "I sent Jerry and Caleb over to MLK. They're not Horsemen, but they don't like niggers. It should give them a few laughs. The FBI will be here within the hour. Tell those assholes what you found, meaning nothing, and let them deal with this mess."

"Right," replied Jim, "We've got Bob and the boys in the clear; they'll find nothing."

"Good," said Luke. "Y'all can take a break till the FBI gets here. If ya don't mind, could y'all run down to the Dunkin Donuts and pick up some donuts and such? We're fresh out. I'll make some coffee while you're gone."

"Sure," answered Wayne. "Seein' all them dead niggers sure makes me hungry!" and all three Horsemen, and sworn officers, laughed heartily.

At this time officers Jerry Anderson and Caleb Prescott arrived on MLK Boulevard, which looked like a war zone.

"Look at all these dead niggers!" exclaimed Jerry, "Somebody didn't like these jigs, that's for sure. We'd better investigate."

Caleb reached for the mike of their cruiser's General Electric FM mobile police radio.

"Car six to headquarters."

"Go ahead Caleb," responded Luke.

"Looks like somebody killed every spook in this town," said Caleb, "There's dead niggers everywhere."

"Sounds like the same thing Jimmy and Wayne said," answered Luke, "Check it out and be careful, FBI's on the way as well."

"10-4 and out," replied Caleb, their unit pulling to the curb and stopping in front of 8134 Martin Luther King Boulevard. They exited the vehicle and walked up to the house. Looking up and down the street, they saw at least twenty dead niggers lying on the front lawns.

"This is incredible," said an astonished Caleb, "I've had dreams about things like this!"

"So have I," replied Jerry, ""Looks like someone did our work for us."

They drew weapons and prepared to enter 8134 MLK Blvd. The front door was already smashed down; Caleb announcing "Police" at the threshold and entering. A Sharp 25" TV set was on in the living room, apparently being viewed by a bullet ridden mammy sitting in an easy chair. Her glazed eyes were still open, staring blankly at the screen.

Caleb looked at the mammy, her head and upper torso riddled with bullet holes, her hand still clutching the Sharp's infrared remote control.

"I guess this wench was waiting to watch Oprah or Jerry Springer," he declared dryly, pulling the remote from the dead mammy's hand. He turned off the TV, tossing the remote to the floor as an amused Jerry moved to the hall.

"Look at this," called Jerry.

A dead nigger wearing a bath towel had been hit so hard by machine gun fire that it had knocked him backwards, and he had landed head first into the toilet bowl.

"Was he washin' his hair or getting' a drink?" inquired Jerry with a laugh.

"Don't know, but I reckon somebody didn't like him," snickered Caleb. "There's turds in that pot," he added, "Maybe he was getting' somethin' to eat!" and both police officers laughed.

Jerry noticed a wallet on the toilet tank and picked it up. Opening it, he saw \$1,400 in cash in the billfold.

"Crack money," said Jerry.

"Yeah," replied Caleb, "That nigger won't be needin' it anymore. Let's split it."

"Right partner," said Jerry with a smile, "What are you gonna buy with your half?"

"I need to get a new 327 for my Chevy Nova. 700 bucks should come in handy," remarked Caleb.

"I'm gonna get a new winch for my Ford," announced Jerry as he handed \$700 to Caleb, tossing the empty wallet into the toilet. Caleb counted his cash as he and Jerry moved to the hall.

"There's two dead nigger kids in here," said Jerry as he walked into the bedroom, "And a dead buck down the hall – Good Lord Caleb, these pickaninnys caught at least ten slugs each!"

"You should look at this buck in the hall," Caleb replied, "Shot in the face, blew parts of it away, somebody used machine guns on these coons!"

They stepped over the naked carcass of Rufus, and saw the bullet riddled, nude corpse of Kathy Miller, white wife of a dead nigger, and mother of dead mulatto pickaninnys.

"Good lookin' broad," remarked Caleb, ogling the naked corpse of Kathy, "Too bad she fucked niggers."

"I think that's why she's dead," laughed Jerry. "Somebody in this town hates niggers worse than we do!"

"That's an understatement," replied Caleb.

Jerry, Caleb, Jimmy, and Wayne spent hours investigating the projects, the houses on Martin Luther King Boulevard, and six houses in other areas of town not mentioned earlier. Everywhere they looked, carcasses of dead niggers riddled with bullets appeared, along with seven white sluts who might as well have been niggers. Also, the corpse of one white man, who apparently wished he was a nigger, was found amongst all the nigger carcasses. He, his wench, and a half-bred infant pickaninny were found, riddled with bullets, in a run down trailer near "Nigger Village." Not one nigger, not full blood, nor mulatto halfbreed, nor white wannabe escaped the righteous, justified wrath of the Pale Horsemen.

The FBI arrived, and in the days that followed were unable to draw any real conclusions, except for the obvious fact that someone, somewhere, didn't like niggers.

There were nine missing person reports issued by the police department for white men, two of which were for Jesse Claibourne, 48, and John Turner, 18. Strangely, these nine men had disappeared on the night of the killings and were all residents of the same town as the niggers, but this was dismissed by good old boys as a mere coincidence.

The FBI said it was possible that these men had killed all the niggers and were hiding out, on the lam, which was a reasonable conclusion, considering the coincidental slaughter of the niggers and the vanishing of the nine men. However, they had no proof and couldn't find any, as the townsfolk viewed them as Yankees and wouldn't talk to them, and didn't like niggers anyway, and couldn't have cared less as to who killed them, or why.

William Turner and Sarah Claibourne threatened to sue the FBI, and the FBI recanted their accusations, while privately beginning to believe that the whole town of Sweet Springs had killed all those niggers.

Fortunately, they had no proof, so they could do nothing.

Even the kinfolk of the seven white women and one white male wouldn't talk to the FBI, except to say, "That's what y'all get when ya fuck niggers," as their agents walked away, dumbfounded.

The media and the northern niggers all shouted racism, which for the first time in history was probably true, but no one in Sweet Springs cared either way. The southern niggers were strangely quiet, and many of them laid plans to move up north with the Yankees.

In the midst of all this turmoil, Governor Frank Mansfield gave an emergency address to the State.

Frank stepped up to the podium and said before the media, "We have no leads as to who committed these horrible murders. The investigation is continuing, and we will leave no stone unturned in apprehending the atrocious murderers of these poor people, whoever they are. My condolences go out to the families involved, and justice will be served."

Frank, of course, knew that justice had already been served, and had no more intention of apprehending our heroes than he did of leaving the Pale Horsemen of the Confederacy. The investigation would reveal nothing, thanks to him, the Attorney General and other officials, so the Pale Horsemen could continue to go about their just cause.

Frank Mansfield, Governor, Hero, and Pale Horseman did offer condolences to the families involved, to the families of Jesse Claibourne, William Turner, and seven other southern heroes. For the niggers he offered nothing, except perhaps "good riddance," but if he did, he kept it to himself.

After several fruitless months of finding no leads, the FBI was forced to put the case on the back burner, so to speak, because other "good old boys" began to "take up the gauntlet," as has been said.

Ever increasing reports of machine gunnings, bombings, and hangings of niggers, spicks, gooks, and jews began to appear all over the South, like a righteous firestorm. Unknown to the Yankees, inborn white Southern pride and self-determination had also awakened the White, Red and Black Horsemen, blood brothers of the Pale Horsemen of the Confederacy, who had been asleep for over 130 years. Horsemen, Klansmen, and Crackers moved over the South like the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, cleansing their land of traitors, niggers, spicks, gooks and jews, much to the satisfaction of Frank Mansfield, Robert Lee Parker, Samuel Newton and countless others.

The Yankees gasped in horror as a few Horsemen appeared in the North and began to ride. Some even remarked that it could be the judgement of God, as the Horsemen of the North slaughtered not only niggers and such, but also queers, lesbians, pedophiles, abortionists, foreigners, liberals, and anything else in their path, as they rode in judgement over their land. The Yankees didn't understand that if such had been down South, the Pale Horsemen would have rode much earlier.

Back in Sweet Springs, the life of this Southern town had begun to return to normal. Wounded heroes Danny Moore and Zeke Barrows survived and returned to their loved ones, thanks to the skillful care of Dr. Edward Simmons, MD.

When summer arrived, Danny, Zeke, and sixteen others were awarded Confederate Purple Hearts, each with a cameo of Jefferson Davis at the center, at a special secret ceremony at Bill Turner's farm, at the same remote barn. Robert Lee Parker led the touching ceremony, and awarded

Bill Turner and Sarah Claibourne, the only female Pale Horseman, with posthumous Purple Hearts and medals for Bravery in Battle, for their fallen loved ones, John Turner and Jesse Claibourne.

Bill, Sarah, and the eighteen wounded heroes were seated in the front row of the audience, as Bob Parker approached the crude lectern and prepared to speak.

"Thank you, my dear friends and compatriots for your sacrifices and bravery," began Bob. "My heart goes out to you Sarah and to you Bill. The two of you are the only ones we can present these medals to, as the other seven families never knew, and can never know, that their loved ones rode with the Pale Horsemen of the Confederacy. It is our duty, in the memory of their fallen kinsmen, that each of us should look after their families, in the event that they should ever need us."

Bob then read the nine names of the murdered heroes to a tearful audience, and again reminded them of their duties to the families of the fallen Horsemen.

Sarah Claibourne nodded, walked up to Bob and gave him a warm embrace. Holding back tears, she said, "I miss my Jess so much!"

"I know Sarah," replied Bob, "I miss Jesse too."

Bill then approached Bob and remarked, "I see you have no Purple Heart my friend. You should, you were wounded too."

"Naw," replied Bob, "I'm the leader, and was only nicked. I just wish we could have lost no one."

Sarah motioned for Bill to come over to her, out of hearing distance of Bob. They quietly conversed for a moment, and nodded in agreement.

Returning to Bob, Bill said, "You deserve a Purple Heart Robert Lee Parker, you earned one. You were wounded and could have been killed. Sam told me of the evil mammy with the gun, and of the crazed nigger buck on the fifth floor of the projects."

"Well – " Bob began, Bill continuing, "Sarah and I think you deserve this."

Sarah walked up to Bob and carefully pinned Jesse Claibourne's Purple Heart to his lapel. She rested her hand on Bob's chest, and said as a tear ran down her cheek, "Jess would have wanted you to have one."

Bob started to speak, but Sarah put her hand over his mouth, shook her head and smiled.

Bill then pinned John Turner's medal for Bravery in Battle on Bob's immaculate Lordwest business suit.

Turning to the crowd of 85 assembled in the barn, Bill said, "All hail our leader, Robert Lee Parker, brave commander of the Pale Horsemen of the Confederacy!"

The crowd cheered and applauded, and an embarrassed Robert Lee Parker nodded sheepishly and said, "Thank you my friends."

"I told you that you deserved one!" exclaimed Sam Newton.

Bob smiled and walked from the lectern as Sam approached.

Sam stepped up to the lectern and addressed the crowd, leading them once again in a prayer to Providence.

"Dear Lord," he began, "Thank you that we were able to congregate here tonight, to award our fellows for their bravery and to reflect on your fallen Horsemen, asleep in your grace, cut down by the evil, soulless spawn of Ham, a son of your and our enemy, Satan. Give us the strength Lord to carry out our just cause, and we beseech you to protect us and ours from the evil Yankees, and their minions of the Devil, the niggers, and their allies, the Christ killin' jews. Bless our Confederacy Lord and help us to strike down the evil, apostate, Yankee sons of the Devil himself if we need to. Guide us Lord in our lives, and let us walk in your divine ways. Be it as you will Lord God, and for your glory, Amen."

The crowd echoed, "Amen," and Sam said, "We had best return home, those Yankee FBI carpetbaggers are still snoopin' around, if only to earn overtime."

The crowd laughed and quickly disbanded, leaving only Bob Parker and Sam Newton alone in the barn.

Bob stood next to Sam, quietly reflecting on the memory of his friend, Jesse Claibourne, and Bill Turner's son Johnny. He looked at the mass grave at one side of the barn, and saw the wreath of flowers that Sarah had laid at the tomb containing her fallen husband. He missed Jess and the other fallen heroes, but the time had come to move on.

"Well Sam, we did it," remarked Bob Parker.

"We and the Good Lord," added Sam Newton.

"I reckon that's true," replied Bob, "But we still have more work ahead of us when we ride again."

"We'll accomplish it," answered Sam, "With the help of the Lord, and for the memory of our ancestors, our flag, and for our fallen brothers, asleep in the Lord."

"Yes," replied Bob with firm resolve. "Especially our fallen brothers."

The two friends left the hallowed barn, and returned home.

Later that year, Governor Frank Mansfield drove over to visit and have dinner with his friend, Mayor of Sweet Springs, the Honorable Robert Lee Parker, leader of our heroes.

Bob's new second in command, Pastor Samuel Newton, was also there, to confer and enjoy a delicious meal with the Governor.

"It worked perfectly Bob," remarked Frank, "Your town has been cleansed of niggers totally! Congratulations on a job well done."

With that, he shook Bob's hand.

"Thanks Frank," replied Bob, "You were right too, with what you said months ago. Good old boys everywhere are killing niggers, spicks, gooks, and jews. Some are even killing queers, child molesters and other trash too. Hell, we may never even have to ride again in this town. It's just like the old days, before the niggers."

"It sure is nice, spoke up Sam. "The spicks and gooks left shortly after we killed all the niggers, and y'all know that no jew ever came to this town and stayed for long."

All three white, Anglo-Saxon gentlemen laughed heartily, settled down, and enjoyed their dinner. Peace and tranquility had finally returned to this Southern town, and if any nigger ever happened to blunder into Sweet Springs, he left quickly, and quietly.

THE END

"...And power was given unto them over the Earth, to kill with sword, and with rifle, and with Death, and with the war machines of the Earth."

Epilogue

Revelation 6: And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals; and I heard, as if it were the noise of thunder, one of the four beasts saying, "Come and see."

And I saw, and behold, a White Horse, and he who sat on him had a Bow, and a Crown was given unto him, and he went forth conquering, and to conquer.

And when He had opened the second seal, I heard the second beast say, "Come and see." And there went out another Horse that was Red: and power was given to him that sat thereon to

take Peace from the Earth, and that they should Kill one another, and there was given unto him a great Sword.

When He opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, "Come and see." And I beheld a Black Horse, and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand. And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts say, "A measure of wheat for a Penny, and three measures of barley for a Penny; and see thou hurt not the Oil or the Wine.

When He opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth best say, "Come and see."
{And I looked, and behold, a Pale Horse. And his name of him who sat upon him was Death, and Hell followed with him.}

And power was given to them over a fourth part of the Earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with Death, and with the beasts of the Earth.

THOMAS PAINE

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